









# THE SEASONS

BY

CHESTER ARTHUR ALLEN



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RICHARD G. BADGER  
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TO THE MEMORY OF  
MY FATHER AND MOTHER  
LEROY D. ALLEN  
MARY BENAWA ALLEN



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THE SEASONS



# THE SEASONS

## SPRING

### I

#### MARCH—SIGNS OF SPRING

The sun has been enroute his longer course  
For many winter days. And often now  
Apollo very late his daily ride  
Begins. It looks as if he hesitates  
In fear of being lost in mist and fog.  
At times such dimness overhangs the day,  
It seems this god must safe in dreamland be.  
The changes come of snow, fine sleet, and rain,  
And sunshine chasing frosty work: but still  
A northern slope, or fence has fringe of snow;  
And through the timber-land are scattered rows  
Of green stove-wood all uniform in height.  
The heaps of brush, the thickly sprinkled chips  
And sawdust, barèd from their wintry bed  
Are tokens bright the season has fulfilled  
Its usual flow of snow-capped days. With cheer,  
Anticipation overflows to star  
Our timber friends. White-breasted nuthatch; jay;  
The chickadee; and noisy flicker, breast

---

*The Seasons*

---

With crescent black; unwary creeper brown;  
Our friendly robin; towhee on the ground;  
And all the squirrels at play,—appear to look  
Instinctively ahead, rejoicing all  
The time, and often much impatience feel  
That budding days should tarry, longing more  
For leafy season, secret nooks to drink  
And bathe, and summer's playground, woods and  
field.

The changes blithe are spoken through the air.  
A sprite awakens buds on sturdy limbs,  
On twigs, the louder calls to seeds and roots  
So snugly covered under ground, and throbs  
Its welcome age-old vision—dawn of Spring.

## II

## PHILOSOPHY FROM NATURE

What way should forces, forged in mild or grand  
Display of outer world affect the soul?  
By whom controlled—the life and beauty shown  
To thrill us with delight? What worthiness,  
Significance have natural beauty, laws  
Of nature? Read their meaning, find their worth  
Through what we do with things about our sphere.  
Since God controls with regularity  
The change of seasons' rule, they govern bold.  
And each one's disposition, sentiments  
Expressed through laws whose regularity

---

*Spring*

---

Should teach us how, a justness all divine  
Pervades the soul of earth, suggests a search  
For many leading principles. For God  
Is just, and justice triumphs everywhere.  
All forms of energy should be to us  
Like open books to teach a part of God.

## III

## MARCH STORM

Old Winter's age-long jealousy is roused  
By threatening reign of "Boyhood of the year."<sup>1</sup>  
Incensed, when Spring is promising: a strong  
West wind brings fleecy clouds at first, a mass  
Of dark snow-laden ones then follow hard.  
In fearless manner come the flurries first,  
Like skirmishers of mighty armies, till  
The falling storm is thick enough to hide  
From view the objects near at hand. The snow  
Is flung in piercing clouds of ev'ry shape,  
Is formed in streams by blinding wind that picks  
The fallen blanket, hurling it again.  
With increased force it writhes in battle groups  
With mighty foes. The moans and whistles heard  
In tree tops, 'round the buildings, sound like cries  
From wounded men, and trumpet call to charge.  
It speeds along or slackens, sending down

<sup>1</sup> Tennyson.

---

*The Seasons*

---

In mad uncertain rush, battalions close  
In rank. Aeolus seems descending, bent  
On endless fury. Smooth'ring plains which close  
Together nestling seek protection. Proud  
Are trees when swayed as ne'er before. The gale  
Howls more as night draws near. When darkness  
falls

The mind half dreams—the frozen hills are torn  
From their foundations, ground to powder, hurled  
Upon resistant world. Aquilo's troops  
Now charge, now run, or circle round a hill  
Or building, rush a flanking movement brave.  
The struggles far and near, the drowsy hours  
Impress like echoes, faint or clear. The ground  
On western slopes is coldly bare. White gems  
Are piled in masses great. Aeolus wroth  
At failing to dislodge the hills, assailed  
Direct, has heaped the flakes, endeavoring  
To crowd the hillocks from eternal rest.  
In rigid whiteness lies the Arctic field.  
The brook is arched in self-protection, holds  
A cavern roof of twining crystal form;  
With deep-cut ripples ponds and lakes are spread  
From shore to shore with sparkling handy frost.

## IV

## MARCH LANDSCAPES—FLOODED RIVER

The sprite of Spring is not with glaive o'ercome;

---

*Spring*

---

Is quick to send successive warmer days  
Against oppressive rule. He turns the snow  
To thousand rills which trickle down the hill  
In last retreat to fill the swamps, and ponds,  
Glad brooks and creeks to manifold their nat'r'l  
size;

Uncurtains green wheat mats, sward brown of last  
Year's pasture, meadow, dark and yellow mud  
That bristles stalks of corn and weeds. The net  
Work water courses glen our land, enjoy  
Their freedom, show that they are much alive  
And quick to use the strength they have. A flood  
Corralled in river channel foams stampede  
In massive volume reaching upward, wroth  
To wrestle with a bridge, resisting man's  
Attempt to span its aged course. It pours  
Along with icy hammers battering,  
Or sweeps whatever man or Providence  
May leave within its grasp, can spread upon  
The bottom land a rising lake which swamps  
The lowland hut, or levee breaks to free  
Itself to roam its delta haunts of yore.

#### PHILOSOPHY

Our dial which sends through frigid space its rays  
Will melt the crystals seven for rivulet;  
The power driving rivers down their way,—  
Should make us think of our Creator's will,  
Awaken us to read a purpose—seen

---

*The Seasons*

---

To constantly reflect to mortal man,  
"Lest we forget—lest we forget"<sup>1</sup> our God.

## v

## MAPLE-SUGAR SEASON

When only lines of soil-marked snow remain  
In open field to show where glittering  
Unfolded banks were shaped, the farmer with  
His help will often wade in slush to tap  
The sugar maple. Daily trips are made  
With team on barrel sled, to gather sap,  
For buckets must be kept from overflow.  
The central interest is ever round  
The camp. A glimpse of rising steam is sought,  
For habit prompts to wondering, if all  
Is well with fire and pans? There's something  
fresh  
With each returning trip—the fire rebuild,  
The feeder fill, and skim the whitened pans  
Of boiling, vapor-clouded sap which needs  
A watching that increases ever while  
It sweetens, thickens, darkens, nears the time  
For syruping-off—the happy climax rounds  
The day—extinguish partly fires, remove  
With steady hand the pan to margin skid,  
Well dip of hot transparent liquid joy,  
Replace, refill, another round begins.  
No grand repast is more enjoyed than meals

<sup>1</sup> Kipling.

---

*Spring*

---

At noon on peaceful days when gathered round  
The big arch door—potatoes, eggs, both wrapped  
In paper wet to roast in ashes hot,  
To eat with sandwiches, hot coffee, sauce,  
Warm doughnuts, corn bread, cookies, leeks, and  
pie,  
And syrup fresh. Such appetizing work  
In opening Spring is filled with pleasures rare—  
Review advance of “Boyhood of the year.”  
Each step is clearly seen and felt. From now  
Until the snow returns the daily pulse  
Of nature may be seen to measure change.

## VI

## APRIL

On sprightly days when southern slopes begin  
To green, but sap continues fresh, the woods  
Are filled with active merry life; the crows  
Are heard in distance, one or sev’ral fly  
Occasionally over tree tops near  
And caw alarm; the piercing cry of hawks  
Is often echoed through the timber; raps  
Of woodpeckers in search of food sound loud  
Tattoo for denizens of woods; above  
The other chimes are scolding squirrels near,  
Uneasy like the crow and jay. Combined  
These voices waken muse for one who loves  
The call of woodland life and beauty. Spring  
Has conquered; earliest of flowers come.

---

*The Seasons*

---

The sugar season glides away, but leaves  
One pleasant memories while watching day

SPRING PARADES IN TRIUMPH:  
PHILOSOPHY

By day unfolding life of animals  
And plants. We gather first hepatica,  
Anemone; the adder's tongue precedes  
The trillium and hosts of blossoms sweet  
Which takes their colors matched from rainbow  
base.

The wood is sprinkled quaint with flowers which  
In silence greet returning summer birds,  
And cheer on those migrating north, to keep  
Them in a singing mood, that we may hear  
Their songs. For in each song as in each bird  
Is represented some idea clear  
Of God, is some suggestion—How would He  
Have us obey and think of Him? From Him,  
His works, to look for inspirations clear,  
From nature's moods—her tenderness, caress,  
Her freshness, sympathy, and hopefulness—  
Pursue the course which gives improvement most.  
Discordant life, its pangs and vampire moods,  
Ensnare so unaware, when nat'ral laws  
Are disobeyed. Oh, look, and see what may  
Be seen! For ev'ry positive has its  
Deceitful negative. The soul should be  
Made stronger by each opening of the year.

---

*Spring*

---

## VII

## APRIL—MARSH VOICES

The greetings, praise of early flowers, is joined  
By aeon-practised welcome from the marsh.  
When each day's warmth and sunshine freshens  
    grass  
On southern slopes, this chorus comes in all  
Its glory; swells out full and clear, fills out  
With harmony the silent morning hours.  
This frogling chorus all day long resounds  
Continually over timbered hill  
And dale; reëchoes o'er the rolling field.  
When mirrored stars are spread around the rush,  
The osier bush, the moor-grown tree, the bog,  
The mossy stub, and moon-timed shadows pass  
Across the still or roughened water roof  
In clear dream-light that rovers love so well,  
These silent hours are robbed of gloominess  
By merry rounds of voices pealing forth  
From lakes, and rivers, swamps, and meadow  
    ponds—  
These praisers are the season's trumpeters.

## VIII

## EASTER

At Eastern service is retold in song,  
In sermon, recitation—Christ is ours;

---

*The Seasons*

---

Has risen o'er the tomb; He died for us;  
He lives for us; Redeemer who has set  
His cross on high; defeated death; is now  
The source of all our blessing, life and hope;  
Forgives, consoles; our beacon light across  
Dark waters. He reveals to us a law  
Of life superior to death—set not  
Aside, uncovers universal law.  
Sanhedrin seal and Roman guards in vain,  
Attempt to hide our light in rock-bound tomb.

## PHILOSOPHY FROM EASTER

Unlocking charnel house has come to us  
In northern clime when Spring unlocks the buds.  
The reawakening, golden soul is close  
Akin to reawakening nature—live!  
Enjoy! oh, not exist! The empty crypt  
At time of life reviving argues depth  
Which well considered shows how Providence,  
In striking grandest harmony, has played;  
Phenomena returned, phenomena  
Which sound the song of God's unchanging law.  
For aeons Spring has come and gone, the globe  
A sepulcher has been. The highest scale  
Of life gets many visions clear of God's  
Own heart. And ever when the Spring shall hang  
Her smiles, reëchoing the chord upon  
Forgetful man, may hope grow wise and sure.

---

*Spring*

---

## IX

## FISHING

Our friendly fisherman is seen around  
The many lakes and streams as well as he  
Who seldom prides himself to take the swift,  
And scaly, slippery, staring wights away  
From mirror home. The sportsman, toiler seeks  
For swimmers that will make a fine repast.  
If he must homeward turn without his luck,  
He almost feels the day is sadly lost.

## X

## MAY, THE MONTH OF BLOSSOMS

The days are marked with fresh and sultry air.  
Although our God through his estate has been  
Most clearly speaking, opening secrets too;  
He gives sublimity to us again  
When many plants put forth in clusters, blooms  
From every twig, whose beauty rivals claim  
To charm when they were burdened downy bright  
With fleecy cloud of winter's snow. Allured,  
Approach the downy trees. A muffled sound,  
A perfumed air will bring delight. Aglow  
With springtide vision to discover joy  
Anew and freshen old sensations, one  
Is drawn within the influence of blooms  
And their dependent army—honeybees,

---

*The Seasons*

---

And bumblebees found searching one by one  
Each pollen cup. The blossoms swarm with life.  
The journeys short of bumblebee are known  
By buzzing loud. All o'er the trees in search  
Of nectar, pebble-like black bodies near  
At hand arrest attention most; both these  
And speck-like ones a little farther off,—  
Are darting back and forth a foot or more.  
The hum continuous, companioned with  
Aroma, sense of energy, and life  
In spheres apart from man, awakens praise.

## XI

## WHEN THE LEAVES APPEAR

There comes again the royal garb of "God's  
First temples"<sup>1</sup> casting shadows dense and deep  
Like shades which fill the cave of bruin staunch.  
The stock-browsed heavy timber which extends  
Along the pasture field, is overlapped  
With grass. Below the lower branches thick,  
It's dark with many shelters. Climbing vines  
And heavy foliage above a line  
Of darkness, matched with sodded field, with hues  
Of darker shades; combined with grandeur blue  
Of cloud-patched sky,—the scene may rouse the  
soul.

In entering the shade of nature's room  
Of richest draperies, all curtained, screened

<sup>1</sup> Tennyson.

---

*Spring*

---

Beyond description, ev'ry bending twig  
A hammock forms, and ev'ry leafy branch  
Partition makes, one hears the voices, not  
As called in naked woods, but mellowed score  
By leafage dense which waves in Maia's breeze.  
To walk along the banks where flowers had grown,  
Were gathered near one's shadow; follow paths  
And sap-boat roads,—and delve the question: What

## PHILOSOPHY

Could build a service elevating more  
Its influence? As God provides a time  
For plants to grow, and yearly clothes the trees  
With newborn leaves; then how much more should  
man

Who has the privilege of choosing his  
Activities, controlling his few thoughts,  
Be sure that he is child of light and truth?  
His newborn soul each natural object sees  
As thought of God, a kindly plan divine.

## XII

## MAY LANDSCAPES

The various delightful emeralds  
From fields where grow the darker wheat, the  
grass

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*The Seasons*

---

And rye of brighter stain, and oats with still  
A lighter hue, the scatt'ring shade trees, all  
Allied with timid changing forest shades,—  
Are sharply cut from fields of gray, and black,  
And orange soil where sprouts the maize. The  
    crow

And blackbird feast on corn destructive grubs.  
The crow too often plucks the youngest shoots  
To get the softened kernel—toll too great  
For good it does. The dew a gladness brings  
To farmer keen when he begins his work.  
His heart throbs faster, cheered by sprightfulness  
Of lambkins gamboling on morning sheen.  
Shorn sheep may whiten lea where they have been  
Since early dawn most busy feeding, lodged,  
In heat of day they bleach the shade. The forms  
Of lying, standing cattle, colored clear  
From brindles, black, and white, and red, to those  
Attired with all these colors on one coat,  
Are seen in friendly cover out of sun;  
The horses' arching forms lend grace to field  
While hiding well from burning rays,—they too  
As well as kine keep stamping, switching flies  
Which flock of cowbirds, hopping now and then  
On ground so near the stock, find easy fare.

## HUSBANDRY OF GARDEN AND FOWLS

At farmer's home 'tis flood-tide time of year—  
The garden full, big broods of chickens, ducks,

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*Spring*

---

And geese, shy turkeys, guineas, pigs,—all  
Attention, boast their hearty growing, smack

Of palatable dish on festive board  
The Fourth, Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's  
Day,  
And ev'ry favored dinner country round.

## SUMMER

### I

### JUNE

"All green and fair the summer lies  
Just budded from the bud of spring."<sup>1</sup>  
From early dawn to set of sun, the day

### SONGS, NESTS

Is full of merry songs. When summer sound  
Is all the sweeter, matched, securely set  
In leafy branches, some may reach far out,  
Protected well from sight above, below,  
There nestles home within which soon will be  
The greedy nestlings for two vigilant  
And happy toilers. Insects, worms, fruit wild  
Contribute strength to warm and grow our kin  
In feathers. Morning after morning, while  
The sun fast drinks the dew; and breezes sway  
The limbs,—a chorus rings, not only sung  
To nest so snug in ground, or bush, or tree  
Top towering high, or dug in rotten stub,  
To listeners in ev'ry place, while swift  
And swallow twitter flitting through the sky.

<sup>1</sup> Susan Coolidge.

---

*Summer*

---

At night the silence—broken near and far  
By rustling leaves, the voice of owl, or train,  
And tread of creatures doubly fond of shade  
Of earth—is passed under guardian wings.  
When days are hot and dusty, breezes cool  
Will rock these cradles, hammocks made for wild.

## II

## CHILDREN'S DAY

On Children's Day, the boys and girls amid  
The garlands, mottoes, palms, bouquets, and large  
White lilies, sit in groups arranged for proud  
Occasion—faces bright, and flowers bright.  
All decorations prove but symbols small,  
Of interest for which the day is kept.  
What pride and pleasure swells the heart to hear  
The smaller ones take part in praises for  
Ideals of merit? Hark the shortest song,  
Or recitation, follow longer ones  
Of juniors, seniors, choir, or any part  
The day commands, the int'rest never stops.  
And oft' a wee one never heard before,  
Will bring the most delight. Parental joy  
The deepest goes to see the yearly growth  
That blooms, so quickly measured Children's Day.

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*The Seasons*

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## III

## PICNIC

The river bank, or lake, or ocean front,  
And silent forest tenderly invite  
All toilers come and find agreeable  
Excitement, pleasures yield to noble end,  
Relax, the cobwebs clear away, expand  
The chest, electrify the nerves, refine  
The senses, share your joys with souls of truth.  
To picnic-makers laughing water breaks  
To dimples, openly reveals, pours out  
“A song of a vast unrest,”<sup>1</sup> repeats, approves  
Of pleasures, shares enjoyments worthy, gives  
To body, mind, and soul a vigor, depth,  
And nobleness preparative to live  
A grand and noble life. New friends and old  
Meet happily to talk. The frolic, feast  
Of day, with group and team matched games will  
    help  
To make of business pleasure, show that joys  
Aright will always breathe the choicest pearls.

## IV

## BATHING

The quiet pool seems always welcome gleam  
To happy bathers, linger, splash, and dive,

<sup>1</sup> William Hayne, in “A Sea Lyric.”

---

*Summer*

---

To let the peace of scene pass into soul—  
Its meeting nature, boon companion meets  
Companion. Watch, take part in play, and it  
Will fill the heart with joy of summer day.

## V

## QUEEN OF THE YEAR

All ranks of plants from trees, and clover thick,  
Obnoxious weeds have blossoms sipped of dew  
And richest nectar. Blackbird, meadow-lark,  
And robin, grackle, sparrow, other friends,  
In legions, many species brooding bliss.  
On pleasant mornings oriole, which weaves  
A hanging nest, will call from hidden perch  
In thick leaved trees about the lawn and sward.  
The luscious strawberry will introduce  
The fruits and vegetables seasonable.  
A June-bug wings his way as well on dark  
As on a moon-lit night. The freshened air,  
The heavy leaves, the fragrant flowers, sky  
Of rose and purple, call of whippoorwill,  
With evening stars, make perfect twilight hours  
Which sound in tune with daylight's golden chain.

## VI

## STORM

The diverse scenes of opening summer show  
How God is roused to clothe the naked earth.

---

*The Seasons*

---

Succeeding balms of sunbeams, zephyrs, mists,  
Are blessings easily attributed  
To God, but God is ev'rywhere. Detect  
A coming storm by heavy colors seen  
To rise above the distant line of earth  
And sky. A gale begins while overhead  
A mass of floating monarchs, outlined dark  
Against the lighter vapor, sail on.  
Thin clouds of dust are ever being raised  
From sun-burned road, and field of clover dry,  
Until the air appears smoke-laden. Like  
The waves of sea, the standing wheat and hay,  
Is dipping, swelling, lightens, darkens. Trees  
With branches wincing wild from blast turn shades  
Of lighter green. The flashes come in chains  
Against the mountain background, followed soon  
By cannonading guns of siege. A space  
Of gray, of even width extends above  
Horizon, climbs in darker sky, and just  
Before arriving, heralds itself by gust  
Of stronger temper. Giant drops at first  
Come single handed, followed close by host  
Of streams that splash and dash, and grow in force  
Until with summer's courage ranks are filled.  
If toiler's prayers are answered, fields have rime,  
Awakened souls that clothe the soil with cheer.

## JULY—HARVEST

These changing thrilling acts so full of wealth  
Continue. Clover blossoms fragrantly  
Will call the mower, hay-rake. Nodding grain  
Deprived of fragrant mead, a lighter shade  
Will turn, anticipating harvest hot,  
Until inviting golden field it stands.  
The blackbird, robin, jay make frequent trips  
To crimson cherry trees as long as crop  
Will last; then other songsters aid to take  
Their own from raspberry, the elder bush,  
The blackberry, as each one ripens. Fruit  
And grasshoppers with sip from bubbling spring  
Are turned to merry songs. A burning sun  
May hasten harvest. Clatter hardly ends  
Of gliding swath machine before the hum  
Of binder starts. The golden wheat a last  
Salute will wave to neighbor field of oats  
As yet untouched by age. A week or two  
Of glowing days, however, changes them  
To harvest color. Soon they too will fall  
Before the reaper, graceful, bow adieu  
To stalwart corn intensely growing ears.  
The heavy maize is dark as waves of sea,  
And truly crest with downy tassels bright.

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*The Seasons*

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## VIII

## GROWING TIME

Cerulean the sky brings ardent rays  
Which beat and linger, fill our atmosphere  
With throbbing fervid waves of life which warm  
To zealous work the apple, plum, and peach,  
The walnut, beech, the hickory, and oak.  
The pumpkin, squash, and watermelon vines  
Are spreading wide to raise delicious fruits.  
A throng of our herbaceous friends have come  
And gone, but leave as hostage apt return,  
Reflective thoughts, that each year brings to us  
Their happy season. Faydom sturdy grove  
And forest where the wood-thrush merry sings  
As clear as if 'twas sung by nymph herself.

## RAIN

Bland wit of Thor oft aids activity,  
Pervades the world of growing plants, outwits  
The harbinger of fall whose gelid breath  
Has often come so fatally upon  
This kingdom unaware. The apples first  
To ripen bring enjoyment fond, but when  
Varieties are many, juicy foods  
Are deftly made, surpassing Eve's repast  
In garden where first labored thinking man.

---

*Summer*

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## IX

## AUGUST, THE MONTH OF WILD-LIFE VOICES

Displeasing, noisy locust warns of drought  
In heat of day. The red-winged blackbird finds  
The heavy ripening maize. As sun goes down  
They noisily will gather round the swamp  
Elm, willow, alder bush—here seek a night's  
Repose. We do not lack for company  
When earth's dark mantle spreads, for cricket  
fluts  
Its metered cheer quite ready; katydid  
Tones o'er and under, rapid jazzy forte  
That leads the midnight summer symphony.  
Serenest wild-life serenade of year  
Is versed throughout the pleasing slumber hours.

## X

## AUGUST LANDSCAPES

The brassy oatfield stubble turns to rolls  
Of dusty ground. And desert-like the mead  
And pasture look beside the restful woods.  
Refreshed the “thirsty ground”<sup>1</sup> regains its hue  
Original. The garden well fulfills  
Its promise. Orchards, vineyards welcome give  
In loads of their own prize deliciousness.

<sup>1</sup> Tennyson.

## AUTUMN

### I

#### SEPTEMBER LANDSCAPES

When eye of heaven shortens arc until  
The larking time for owl, and bats, or coon,  
And undisturbed south flight of water fowl  
Is equal-houred to Phoebus' rule supreme,  
The friendly heat in moving south, new life  
In other spheres to waken, opens way  
For frosty nights. The maize shocks increase each  
Fair day. The young wheat daily grows. At last  
In unresisting calm which stars or moon  
Are left to watch, a frozen vapor creeps  
Upon the earth as through an open door.  
This fairy painting whitens over fields,  
The fences, trees, and roofs, and all the things  
Exposed, until their speciousness confirms  
The thought, 'tis star dust, star dust sprinkled here.

If light or heavy frost, do gems above  
Grow less in luster nymph's when flowering comes?  
The sun keeps ever bright, itself to plate  
With sparkling down the elfs had spread to play  
Upon, and swift returns to paint the leaves  
Its choicest shades of orange, red, and brown.  
The tresses frisk of bushes, trees in groups  
Or trees alone, and forest stand aglow.

---

*Autumn*

---

When matched with fields of green, the cloud-patched sky,  
And cornfields bristling shocks or stalks, present  
A many colored landscape scene which basks  
In smiles of autumn sun. If sought and grasped  
For love of its suggestions deep, the spell  
Of peace, contentment, whither it be found,  
To heart communing nature kindles quick.

## II

## OCTOBER LANDSCAPES

On sunny days, the horizon near and far  
Is partly lined with timber, partly lined  
With rolling fields. All distant colors blend,  
Obscured by veil of hazy film. The green  
And barren ground is intermingled craft  
With unscreened gray of upper trunks and limbs  
In near-by wood contrast with orange, red,  
And brown of what few leaves remain to form  
The variegated patches, thicker hung  
In lower half of ever cheering woods.  
The smoky dawn and varied flame-cloud east  
Of dreamy days that end in flame-patched west  
And twilight haze, are interrupted now  
And then, in warning season's close, by heralds  
Of rain, and wind that pick the leaves which have  
Not fallen, nor been coaxed to whirl, or sail,  
Or dart away in playful breeze. In banks

---

*The Seasons*

---

The summer verdure, glory piled by wind,  
Profusely carpets, weaves autumnal pride  
On floor of timber land, in shades which vie  
With pledge when rainbow arches full.

## III

## PHILOSOPHY FROM NATURE

Although the autumn bravely paints upon  
The sky her fame, 'tis gorgeous all the year:  
Kaleidoscopic aspect greetings speak  
Of Deity to minds intelligent.  
The hours of changing clouds have eloquence  
That matches man, a tenderness so full  
Of spiritual—moving art divine.  
And when the hours of deep blue canopy  
Are spread, sublimity of cloudless sky  
So pure and beautiful, has always shown  
That God alone in heavens may be seen.  
Another herald wishing Maker's praise,  
Is voice of thunder which is echoed cloud  
To cloud in rumble. Why o'erlook so great  
A part? For God is teaching many ways.

---

*Autumn*

---

## IV

## FOREST IN NOVEMBER

When trees are foliage stript for winter blasts,  
And cleaned of shack by squirrels, they remain  
In drowsy silence—show their sturdy arms.  
The pine with all its emerald is fresh  
And cosy; cedar, spruce, and hemlock keep  
Their aquamarine, and also house within  
Their deepest many denizens of wild;  
For here much more than found in naked woods  
The gales of winter barrèd out, with hint  
Of southern home from thicket evergreen,  
Where spiral stairways, frequent landings, aisles  
Profoundly winding, zigzag vestibules  
Incite to rooms of sundry size and shape  
Antiquely columned. Thatching thicker grows,  
The lower lines are traced from towering tops.

## WINTER

### I

#### DECEMBER SNOWSTORM

A chilling rain to hail and sleet may change  
And then entirely snow with large light flakes  
That gently fall, or sail, or balance well  
As if they fear of getting camping place  
Of ranking crystals, vigils o'er the host.  
But other flocks appear to hesitate  
In study mood, deciding whether they  
Shall rest upon the naked bows, or limbs  
Of evergreen, upon a roof, or fence,  
Or weed, or log, or light upon the ground.  
This mantle pale comes stealthily as creep  
Of rising tide. All objects seen from sky  
Must don their sagely ermine. Providence  
Provides the blanket down protecting plants  
That slumber o'er the ground. Impartially  
The branches loaded, bending 'neath the bright  
Cold burden, look as though their foliage  
Developed into sparkling silver foam  
That more than covers, piles, and hangs from twigs.  
When clouds are shorn of fleecy treasures, moon  
Looks cold and night is still, but lighted clear  
By friendly orb to almost perfect day.

---

*Winter*

---

The country lies with ev'ry hill and vale  
Enrobed before the space of universe:  
Its pearly white contrasts with twinkling ink  
Dome sky. With dawn of day, comes breeze that  
shakes  
The trees of splendor; crystals drop, appear  
In sunlight, like a storm of falling stars.

## DECEMBER LANDSCAPE

When sleigh bells answer sleigh bells tuned with  
heart  
And head, the air is pure and bracing o'er  
The welcome snow which flows dark-timbered-  
lined  
Along the hills and dales horizonward.  
When good will honored true, the fellowship,  
And joy, and happiness the warmer grow  
In social uplift, making memories  
To prize forever, prized for wholesomeness  
Of festive hall, or round the open grate.

## CHRISTMAS

The piercing air our minds with keener thoughts  
Will fill to meditate on life and death.  
The harp within the soul is turned anew  
With charity, and youth returns and glows  
With memories of laurestine and pine,  
Or cedar hung with friendly gifts and jokes.  
The stockings hung by chimney, bulge from toe

---

*The Seasons*

---

Full length, are unpacked. All the world seems  
new  
To boys, and girls, as well as Santa Claus.

## II

## PHILOSOPHY FROM CHRISTMAS

The chances come to prove our heav'ly thought  
And register appreciation full  
Of humble birth announced by angel hosts  
To wisemen, shepherds, nineteen centuries past.  
He gave to mankind highest order, apt  
For thinking out of all relations—Truth  
And Mercy meet, and Righteousness and Peace  
Have kissed each other. This reject, the world  
An unexplained riddle stands; believe  
And well explained will stand the history  
Of race. He saw the germ of good in soul,  
The leaven which will raise a kingdom known  
Of God throughout the world. This course be-  
comes  
A part of one by growth of daily deeds.

## III

## SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS IS SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY

A thousand chances come to show divine  
Our kinship through appreciation deep

---

*Winter*

---

Of nat'ral beauty poured around the earth  
At dawn to make impressive pictured world,  
Too quickly taken up by setting sun.  
Our royal blood is manifested sound  
By kindly feeling toward God's creatures all.  
With pride the heart does beat to view the path  
The mighty English race has trod in search  
Of liberty, and law. Continuous  
Beyond the power of king to chain, or crush,  
Has risen noble scorn of tyrant pride.  
Our race success, shows social smiling kind,  
With kindness, sternness blending character;  
A land of deputized Democracy;  
A land of patriots where justice lights  
The public soul, and shines from every home.

## SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY

Our heroes wisely guard the nation's weal:  
Our statesmen voice a free Democracy.  
May tyrants ever tremble when they read  
How England, France, Italia, Japan,  
America, the whole entente fought  
To make the world a safe Democracy!  
Enlightened people strongly sympathize  
With Belgium, Serbia, All-helpless-lands  
Who suffered Hun-crushed years in great world  
war.  
The sons of Freedom have subdued for aye  
The blighting German strength. With haughtiness

---

*The Seasons*

---

But harmless rank, exposed, autocracy  
Has fallen. Spite must drop, forever drop  
Among the civil nations. Brother-love  
And honor, noble wishes fitly crown  
The deeds of men who have so much to bear,  
To live for. Hate, revenge a loss have been.  
The world should never be without its league  
For government of free Democracy.

## IV

## THE PURPOSE OF DEMOCRACY

America's collective action marks  
Her chivalry, disinterestedness,  
Her charity, unselfish inborn mind.  
The purpose thrives, Democracy will make  
Each age much better than the last; to build  
On justice, good that will forever stand;  
To front autocracy and not to yield;  
For present likeness shapes the future near  
And far. All national aspirations which  
Are free from elements of discord have  
A worthy claim; Eternal Peace must stand  
On Rock of Freedom—always hard won prize.

## MARSHAL FOCH

How lofty-minded, Marshal Foch to end  
The war without the sacrifice of one

---

*Winter*

---

Unneeded life! How kindly-earnest not  
To add one hour of anguish to the world!  
The world will always be in debt to France  
For this true brave and patient son who did  
Accept responsibility to meet  
The greatest foe Democracy has faced.

## AMERICA'S LIGHT

Far-visioned Wilson represents the light  
America has sent across the sea;  
His principles a Magna Charta raise  
For mankind. Liberty, equality,  
Fraternity were first proclaimed to world  
In seventeen-seventy-six. American  
Unfolding creeds are near to nature's life;  
Her mighty leaders spring from noble hearts.

Washington the father of his country:  
Lincoln the savior of his nation:  
Wilson the league of nations statesman:

The shepherds for our race. How Wilson led  
America to Freedom's rescue, helped  
To purge the world of aristocracy!  
Emplants Democracy's nobility—  
The first Democracy world-citizen—  
This sacred liberty unshackled lives.

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*The Seasons*

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## V

## JANUARY—NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

The New Year opening page is closing day  
Of holiday season. Resolutions good  
And turning new leaves annually are quite  
The fashion—if, with each occasion grow  
The stronger reasons, sometime they may hold.  
A purple cloud that hangs from high in east  
Obscures many sunrise; vapor-veil  
Transparent, dims the darkest forest line  
And tints in gray the shade of ev'ry hue.  
The hand of winter never overlooks  
A crevice; flings Siberian landscape fell.  
The field is markèd gracefully by road,  
Or path, or lone footprints of man or beast,  
Which wind across the sea of snow. The snow  
In sun, reflects a blinding pearly light;  
Is fleecy cloud which snugly lays o'er hill  
And vale. When wind runs strong, the outlined  
clouds  
Of light or freshly fallen ermine whirl  
Around the buildings, fences, trees, and posts,  
About all objects rooted firm in snow,  
Or sweep across the open, bounding fringe  
From knolls, and terraced hillsides large and small,  
Behind which streaming banks are formed whose  
shape  
And depth afforded cover molds by hand  
Of tireless gale. The sun which often sets

---

*Winter*

---

Behind a purple long-horizon cloud,  
Bespeaks the lengthening day. On frosty days  
Designs fantastic, ferns, of net-veined leaves,  
Of puzzle pictures, decorate in full  
Or part the window pane. How warm is coat  
Of fur or feathers, age-long denizens  
The climate knows! To clothe himself, to make  
His dwelling, pristine man, the animals  
Has sought which nature clothes the warmest—  
clothed  
As if to keep the season's company.

## HOW DIFFERENT MODERN MAN

What change in building feels the modern man?  
How different enlightened home, where trust  
And love in personality is felt;  
Where kin are taught that social atmosphere  
Should grow to make a brighter home; where care  
And diligence in foresight rare is used  
To teach respect for things of worth, and warn  
Against degrading life which plays among  
The lower scale of mankind, lead the way  
Developing the good will spirit, choose  
Coöperation, voiced with helpful end  
In view—to conquer self; arises here  
In ev'ry one the memories to more  
And more endear the comforts, pleasures, life  
In keeping faith with home-born happiness.  
Have games true sportsmanship to plant and thrive;

---

*The Seasons*

---

Awaken healthy thought, tell stories live;  
Survey a broader reading interest,  
Of any wholesome thought pursued the hours  
Of long uninterrupted evenings.

## VI

## FEBRUARY

How welcome peers the final period  
Of snow, which early brings the day of clouds  
Or prophet's shadow, numbering the weeks

## INDICATIONS OF THE WINTER CLOSING

Before the season's change! The lengthening days  
Give promise, dreams of blossoms under snow,  
And active time again for animals  
And plants. The friendly snowbirds have their  
broods,  
Await to follow path of frigid grip.  
In social circles, haste is made the snow  
Enjoy as long as possible. This month  
Occur the birthdays honored far and wide,  
Of Lincoln, Washington; occurs the day  
Of heart of hearts, St. Valentine's; it adds  
The leap-year genial stunts, a year in four.  
The picturesqueness, length'ning days of bleak  
Old January glide, succeeding month  
Which stalks the stormiest, most changeable  
Of year. Such frequent storms must indicate  
Old Winter's stern unwillingness to yield

---

*Winter*

---

The season's rule; in anger, blows his breath  
The fiercer after sunny periods  
Of constantly increasing daylight hours;  
He piles the snow in curling banks, as though  
To thwart as long as possible the Spring  
From waking insects, flowers, grass, and buds.  
Reluctantly Old Winter see his grip  
Upon the season, loosen—augurs change.

## CONCLUSION

The cycle tale of year's environment  
With myriads of observation points,  
With all discoveries, and weaving fast  
From their interpretation threads, must prove  
That only squared for benefit of man,  
To aid him in his upward-onward march,—  
Omnipotence has placed within our reach  
These blessings—honest work. All progress,  
truth,  
Morality, and industry go hand  
In hand. Achievement, all that man holds dear,  
Is what improves his living through the whole  
Of his activity and interest.  
What golden growth in life of Christ! How rich  
To have the priceless visions seeing God  
In all creation—glow of wealthy sun,  
In garden sweet, or hive of honey, stars  
Of night, in fountain, brook or rose, in green  
Of hills, the height of mountain, majesty  
Of ocean, boundless sky, in peace of woods,

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*The Seasons*

---

Or song of bird, in beauty crowning world  
Anew each day, in life of Christian man  
Or woman, better still, enshrined in hearts  
Of Christian home. May man be guided through  
Suggestions from the vivid pictured world,  
Suggestions from the wondrous energies,  
Suggestions from the free Democracy:

Accept this Heav'nly Message bringing news  
Of glory toward God, of peace on earth  
That leads to know the worth of good will strong;  
Of tidings good, of joy profound to all  
The nations wisely building heart and home.









\*W1-DCG-811\*